Last August I was shooting prairie chickins in Southern Kansas, A thunder storm min sweeping out of the northwest. I took the der in a little roadside inn. Time hanging iencity on me, I read and reread the county perers that littored the table in the small bartoom parlor. Reading the list of marriages, same John C. Zalmack, aged 36 years. In per column was this announcement:

cuse—Last night John C. Zalmack returned to his nanch, taking with him a bottle of potented whis lie had "swore of," and said that if he round he not result the desire for alcohol he would drink of corned liquor and die. In the morning his dead ay across his bed.

guing by a window watching the fleroe norm, I musingly repeated the name John C. sek John-C-Zalmack. It sounded very liar. Questioning the landlord of the inn. soon in possession of the little he knew to history of the dead man, and learned he was commonly called Jack Zalmack. tantly the veil lifted from my memory, and ave Jack Zalmack, miner of the northern www Mountains, stood forth, I knew him Mana Mountains of northern Idaho search. ing for a mountain of Iron ore that common ert located there. One evening, soon after sunset, I rode up to the brink of a deep caffon. y my feet a tiny stream of cold water from my sight as it sank into the utter blackness beneath me, a rope of waving, bubbling foam. I camped, and having been unsucesful in shooting and fishing, I lay supperless in my blankets, smoking a pipe. My horse grazed about me, or, coming to the fire, stood with hanging head and looked at me with mourafully lonesome eyes. Again he would wilk to my blankets, and I would caress him as The isolation of my life was affecting my

nerves. I heard strange sounds, and as the night grew old I fancied I saw uncanny objects bovering around my fire or crouching under the bushes, waiting for a favorable opportunity to spring upon me. I was I was resting physically, my brain was amus-ing itself by creating horrors to frighten my boir. The days I had spent in the Blackfoo Indian country, where light sleep, wakeful sleep, was the price of my life, had tried my nerves severely. I heard the light patter of a wolf's feet, then a quick, sharp sniff behind me. My horse, with loud snorts, ran toward Turning over on my breast, my rifle came to my shoulder, and an ounce ball crashed between the glaring eyes of the black midnight prowler. I arose, rebuilt my fire, and sat waiting for the early dawn of a Northern summer day to break. Out from the black abyss at my feet rolled up a volume of cries so floudish that my blood chilled, and little waves of the coldness chased each other up my spine. With a great ground swell of a chill rolling through me from right to left, I recovered myself, saying: " Curse those panthers! What a start they gave me! I have been alone too long.

lawns; one a solid white, the other a black with four white stockings and a blazed face. A roll of blankets, a little pile of flour and bacon in sacks, some cooking utensils, two saddles, one a sawbuck pack saddle, and a keg lay on the ground by a clump of pine trees. Still lying on the verge of the abyss. I searched the valley with my glass to my eyes. By a rock on the river side I saw a miner's prospect pan, a shovel, and a pick. I could not see the human being I had heard crying so loudly in the night. Walking back to my blankets, I picked up my rifle and started on a hunt for my brenkfast

Again I heard, and the air seemed to quiver with the sound as it rolled up from the canon, the cries, "Help! Help! Help! Oh my God!" Hurrying back to the top of the cliff, I looked over and saw a naked man standing in the shallow water by the bank of the little river. Putting my glass on him, I stood looking and listening. His screams were incessant. He soon rushed out of the wa ter, with arms held above his head, as if to protect it from a savage blow. Reaching the meadow land, he suddenly turned on the (by me unseen) object pursuing him, and struck savage blows in the air with his clenched hands; then, falling on his knees, he covered his head with his arms and implored for mercy Apparently it was not granted, as he jumped to his feet and rau swiftly into the thorn bushes where he crouched down. He arose, and stealthily walking toward the pile of camp equipage, with a bound and a yell of triumph sed a gun and rushed toward a tree. throwing the gun to his shoulder. I saw two little puffs of white smoke, and directly after the dull reports of a double-barrelled shotgun came floating up to me. Standing an instant, he seemed to be undecided what to do. Then, clubding his gun, he rushed madly at the tree. His wild yell of rare and fear struck harshly on my ears before he reached the evergreen. close to it, he struck savagely at its trunk, breaking the stock and bending the barrels of the gan. Dropping the useless weapon, he ran with great speed into the forest crying: " Don't! don't! don't! Help! help! help!"

self, saving: "Ourse those panthers! What a start they gave me! I have been alone too long. This will not do."

With a final shudder I drew a pair of heavy Orccon blankets around me and sat motionless. Again the cries from the chasm. This time I heard the words: "Help! help! help!

would endeavor to smite me to the ground as I skurried past intent on hiding in the timber. In my demented condition I could not find my camp, except at rare intervals, when I stumbled on it in my flights to and from the river."

We got into a cance and slowly paddied over the lake, flashing for our breakfast. As we fished Zalmack in low tones told me of the sufferings he had endured from a disease bequeathed to him by a drinking father. The love of alcohol was born in him. At school, not knowing the danger he was in, he frequently went on boyish frolies. As he grew older he weakened his power of resistance by thoughtlessly giving away to the slight craving he at times had for flower. At last, when he was thoroughly slarmed for his safety, he found that the desire for alcohol was almost irresistible. Again and again he yielded to the craving, each time saying that this would be the last time. Then he would "swear off." Soon he would look kindly on beer or ale or wine; then he would take "just one glass," and before he realized it, whiskey would be drank like warer. Becovering from that sore, he would soon believe it was a mishan, purely necidental, and would try it again, always with the same result. It was alcohol, and of this drug the least quantity funned the smouldering flereness of his desire into an imperative demand that he could not resist. He could give up the used of alcohol or a few weeks, sometimes for months; then he would feel the spell, the glamour the alcohol for a few weeks, sometimes for months; then he would feel the spell, the glamour the alcohol for a few weeks, sometimes for months; then he would feel the spell, the glamour the alcohol for a few weeks, sometimes for months; thein possession of and haunting him day and night, luring him to his destruction. Pally he argued with himself, fightling stubbornly over each point, and daily the alcoholic Dortien of his brain outargued the non-alcoholic. The destre for alcohol grow more intense, and the craving for the piotar his destruction he had

with great speci into the foresterying: "Don'ti den'ti den't! den't! den't! Help! helpi helpi!"

Ignorant of the trail, if there was one, that led into the cafen, I romained standing on the verge of backiff while I thought out the probable lay of the lifts of the south the cafen narrowed, the country evidently grew more rugged, and the timber thickened. To the north the cafen widened, and the walls seemed to be less presented to be less presented as closely as possible with my eyes, I came to the conclusion that some four or five miles further north it would be possible to descend to the stream; then, by riding up the valley, I could set to the came of the afflicted miner. While settling this I frequently saw the naked man running quickly from tree to tree, or crouching under the thorn bushes like an animal in fear. Once he assessed it he huried the rock with great forces saying its truns. Running forward the west-awail of the caffon, he disappeared among factions in the stream bushes.

Sudding my horse, I rode back into the mountains and slowly pleked my way to the north along mountain flanks, over burnt lasts where extensive timber fires had raged to fill in a tangle like meck straws. An intensity of the intensity of the man, to nid him in his lease of the third of the caffon of the fire the rock with great force to the same of the safficient of the caffon of the caffon of the caffon of the safficient of the content of the caffon of the caffon of the safficient of the content of the caffon of the safficient of the content of the caffon of the safficient of the caffon of the safficient of the safficient of the caffon of the safficient of t

imaginary fight, had taken possession of me. I was no longer hungery or nervous. Pushing on a rapidly as I outil for two hears, turned and rods westward toward the edition. I had not been a supplied to the common the stops mounts side, and broken the stops mounts side, and my horse down the stops mounts side, and my horse down the stops mounts side, and the repulsive property of the stops of the control of the rever and finding a good trail on the other side. I rode regarded me as a friend and reson in the stop mounts and at the stop of the

FRANK WILKESON. NORAH'S LESSON.

A Green Servant Girl who Followed the Letter of her Instructions.

"My experience has taught me," said a Brooklyn lady to the reporter yesterday, "that the best way to procure a good servant is to go to Castle Garden and choose a 'greenhorn.' Very few of the immigrant women have seen much service on the other side of the Atlantic. for good servants there have no necessity to travel three thousand miles to get employment. But these young girls, novices though they be, are very teachable, and if skilfully managed generally turn out capital servants. One must not, however, lose patience at their early blunnot, nowever, ose patience at their early ofunders, as too many American ladies are apt to do, or allow them afterward to have too much license on account of their aptitude. This has been my policy for years, and, for the most part. I have theen successful. But occasionally I meet with extraordinary misadventures. I will relate one:

"The girl I have now I hired at Castle Gardon should work a wask are. Sha is an Irish civil.

meet with extraordinary misadventures. I will relate one:

The girl I have now I hired at Castle Garden about a week ago. She is an Irish girl, and, like most of her race, very willing to learn; but at present I cannot say she is a peculiarly valuable girl. The day before yesterday she opened the door for a gentleman very well known in business circles in Brooklyn. Instead of inviting him into the reception room she left him standing in the hall, while she went up stairs to call me. I was not quite ready to come down, and no member of my family was in the house except myself, so the visitor had to stand on the hall mat for nearly fifteen minutes. After he had gone away I rebuked Norah as gently as I could, telling her that when gentlemen called at the house they should be shown into the reception room. She received my instructions with a good temper, and promised to do better in the future.

"Half an hour alterward the faithful girl had an opportunity of showing how well she had profited by the lesson I had tried to teach her. There was a ring at the door, and Norah, her face wreathed with smiles, entered my room and told me that she had just shown a gentleman into the reception room. I commended her warmly, hurried down stairs, and opened the door of the little apartment in which the visitor was waiting. Reclining gracefully in the easy chair, with his feet resting upon the sofa, was, I think, one of the most intoxicated, and. I am sure, the worst looking, beggar I ever saw. He had evidently been fighting, and apparently, without much success, for his face was dreadfully cut and bruised. He politely rose as I entered, and, holding tightly to the mantelplece, he put in his calum for half a dollar.

"Of course I gave it to him. Had he asked for \$10 he should have had it, too; and I think he regetted his moderation for as he was going down the steps after I had shown him out he turned and said: "Excuse me, Madam, but if I might take the liberty," but I lastily shut the door, and going down tairs tried to explain

From the Olipper. Oh, there's many a job! thing
That foliasons with the spring.
For them it is that Nature for interactes doth work ma:
But of all the things that appears.
The best hey ond a doubt.
Is the canvas-tented, always jolly cir-

With a thrill of glad surprise
The youngster stands and eyes
Each gorgeous colored poster that decreases the fences.
And which, in glowing terms.
His own belief confirms,
That the coming show to all who go will damie quite
their senses.

And when the day arrives.
And the cibled chariot drives lent through the town, with music playing.
Pray, where's the boy who'd not
Olve all the wealth he's not
a clown who wins runown by funny speeches

And once within the tent.
Though it takes like every cent.
Though it takes like every cent.
Your ten yair old is happiner than any monarch ruling;
While he laught with keenest seat.
And declares seat and the best.
From the entree gay with rich array to final trick-mule's
hobiture.

The intrepid bareback rider.
With the girl whose skirts don't hide her.
The leapers and the tumblers, and the horse to music
prattering.
And the brothers who with case
Mount the treacherous trans-Mount the treacherous teapers.

And the nimble-footed gent who keeps the barrel dancing

The nerves that never falter,
The deable somerasuiter,
Who clears a stud of horses with safety and precision—
All those their glory fling
Around the sawdust ring.
And so enamour by their glamour every boytsh vision.

To you and me, perhaps (Old, gray, and wrinkled chaps).
This glamour, with some other things, has long ago de paried:

Hat your trustful ten year-old
Finds all the glitter gold,
And so did you before you grew too wise to be light-

Bo the praises still I sing Or the july sawdust ring, comes to us when Nature her miracles doth work us;
Fur the happiest of things
Which the gentle springtime brings
Is the canvas-tented, awdust secured, much frequented

VANDYES BROWN

The Old Settler's Polgoant Ortef that the Old
Man Should be Killed a-Cooulus.

HONESDALE, Pa., March 18.—"Got killed a-huntin' coons! Not Sile Reeves, sonny?
Not ole Sile Reeves"—him ut's ram-catted th' woods fur better'n fifty year, an' come out hunkey in more painter fights, b'ar fights, an' tussels with entrymounts th'n any other son of a Bengaal tagger ut ever shoved a slug inter a rifle? Not Sile Reeves didn't git killed a-huntin' coons—a sneakin', thievin', ring-tailed cuss of a varmint ut ain't no good t' nobody, 'cept a hungry nigger? an' a nigger, even, which' do hunt a coon, 'niess he were so bungry ut he were treadin' on the scoburbs o' starvation, ought'n't t' hev standin' 'nuff in s'ciety t' be 'lowed t' cut balt fur a mink trap. Sile Reeves, king o' th' b'ar den! Did he go back on hisself in his old age an' git killed a coonin'. I' dittin' killed 's bad 'nuff, but to go a coonin'—I'm durned of I b'lieve it! An' of I do' lieve it, then ole Sile were crazy, sonny—

an' ready with his other paw t' rip th' Hie out'n Sile. Layin' by Sile's aide. With th' trap on one forepaw, were another b'ar, but he were dead, 'n had bled bean far ling out a this k nife inter th' b'ar's at the lewers dead, 'n had bled enuff t' fil a tab. I know'd by that ut Sile hed been ras'ling that he were dead, 'n had bled enuff t' fil a tab. I know'd by that ut Sile hed been ras'ling that he were dead, 'n had bled enuff t' fil a tab. I know'd by that ut Sile hed been ras'ling that he were dead, 'n had bled enuff t' fil a tab. I know'd by that ut Sile hed been ras'ling that he were dead, 'n had bled chuff t' fil a tab. I know'd by that ut Sile hed been ras'ling that he were dead, 'n had bled chuff t' fil a tab. I know'd by that ut Sile hed been ras'ling that he were dead, 'n had bled chuff t' fil a tab. I know'd by that ut Sile hed been ras'ling that he were chead, 'n had bled chuff t' fil a tab. I know'd by that ut Sile hed been ras'ling that he were chead, 'n had bled Jone, hi his da tab. I know'd by that ut Sile hed been far li

Reeves, a famous hunter, who, according to re-port, was a few days since cutting down a tree in which a coon was holed, when the tree fell unexpectedly and crushed him to death.

Why, boys," continued the old man, "Sile Reeves didn't take no back seat for nothin' n'r nobody. When he were only a ten-year-ole he hed more grit th'n a bunk o' sandpaper twice his size. His folks lived over on th' north edge o' the Shades o' Death Swamp, whar his ole man were tryin't' pry a farm outen from under the stratty o' pebbles ut were th' predomineerin' outeroppin' o' th' sile thar an' tharabouts, an' hed diskivered enough dirt t' make a pastur' lot. 'Twa'n't only ten rod square, but you

k'd a built a new wall around Jerryco with th' stun it hed shed. In this medder, ez Sile's pap called th' clearin', th' ole man hed started th' stockin' o' his farm with a six-months-old calf, which he had fetched all th' way from Dingman's Ferry, in Pike County. One mornin' he went out t' chuck some 'tater peclin's over th' wall inter th' pastur, t' kinder help th' calf through th' day, when lo an' behold ye ! th' calf and there describ "tryin" if find room hyere and that far far shill life beam, write it were a to'll and the shift of the

eye up at his ole man. One eye were plumb shut up, an'ez black ez a b'ar's ear. A big pleoe were gone outen one o' his cheeks, an' t'other were swelled out like a blewed-up pur's bladder. I'm signered ef 'wan't 'auft' make a wildeat laugh t' look at th' boy.

"I went out arter that calf, dad, an' were bound t' git her, said Sile. 'I got her, an' was fetchin' her hum ez fast ez I cud. Ef y'd a walted 'bout two hours longer I'd a had her thar—or, leastways, what they is left of her. Ef y've got time t' rip open this b'ar's carcass y'll find yer calf, ole man.

"Ye see, Sile hed come onter th' b'ar an' s'prised th' ole feller a puttin' th' calf away inside o' hisself, an' when he sent a brill after him th' b'ar hed grabbed tip what was left o' th' critter an' dug duf for hum. Sile follered bruin fur ten mile, an' come up t' him in his den 'long t'ords night. Sile give him th' slugs, an' th' b'ar tackled him, but were wounded too bad ' git away with th' boy, but chawed him up tol'ble han'some fore hegin up th' ghost. Sile jest curled down longside th' b'ar, an' slep' till mornin', an' were a draggin' bruin an' th' calf ut were inside o' him hum when me and Sam Ward come onter him a restin' in th' swamp. Ef that wa'n't grit, somebody tell me what it were? "Ik'd set h'rer all night an' tell y' yarns' bout Sile Reeves," continued the Old Settler, sadiy, "an' any one of 'em' d be better'n any story book y' ever readi but I ain't got the heart' do it. T' think of a man ut started out like him a turnin' of his toes up a huntin' coons! I'm durned of it don't make me feel like buttin' my cussed ole brains out agin that stove. Ef he hedn't a hed so many fust-class chances o' peggin' out in a way ut' a sen a comfort an' cons'-lation t' his friends 'twudn't set on me so durn hard, but ez it is, I'm out up wuss'n a hog in hall in time."

but ez it is, I'm cut up wusa 'n a hog in

sin' out in a way ut 'd a ben a comfort an' cons'lation 't his friends' twudn't set on me so durn
hard, but ez it is, I'm out up wuss'n a hog in
killin' time.

The Old Settler fell into a mournful reverie.
Suddenly he jumped up and fairly yelled. 'I'm
a thumn'n' sen of a rogbusk of it ain't my fault
uf old Settler had never been seen in such
a state of mind before. He had suddenly recalled some incident to his mind that seemed to
fill him with remorse. He strode to and fro
across the floor, swung his cane until it buzzed,
and at every stop consigned himself to regions
entirely remote from the happy hunting ground
where all good hunters are supposed to eventually assemble. The condolence of the boys and
the soothing influence of two glasses of hot
rum and molasses finally brought the old gentleman back to his equilibrium.

"Now, mind ye, boys," he said. "they may be
sech a thing ex ut ole Sile didn't zix killed th'
way we've heerd he did; an' mind ye, of he did,
I k'nsider ut he were crazier th na boon. But,
eff it is true, an' no matter of he eree crazy,
'twere my fault ut he went a coonin', fur I ap 'lit
his chance o' gittin' chawed up th' pootlest kind,
an' in a way ut wod a done him credit till th'
Jedgment Day comes a rollin' round. But I
sopped in an' saved his life, an' now
ye see what's come of it. "Twero twarty
year ago, up in Drinker's Beech. Sile an'
me were out lookin' fur a stray deer or bar
ut might be a hangin' round th' woods. Sile
hed a b'ar trap a couple o' intle from th' cabin,
an' one mornin' lie went aut to see of they were
any sign o' fur bout th' diggins. I wa'r't quite
rendy t' go when he started, but follered 'long
mebbe haif an bour arterw'ds. Th' trae were
sot on th' edge o' altitle swanp. When I got thar
they wa'n't not rap nob'ar, nor no Sile t' beseen.
Jest then I heerd a shot over in th' swamp, an'
i struck a bee line fur th' spet. 'Fore I got a
quarter of a mile in th' swamp I heerd th'
duradest anappin' an snarin' an' growlin' an'
a tourn' about in th' brush right on shea * Oh! "Uncle Sile " Reeves, who was recently killed by a billing tree in Peter County. Pa. was for stay yours a himter trainer, and determine, the fived constants in the woods, and where complete the level constants in the woods, and where complete the level constants in the words, and their county in the war related to bears, nambers, and deer, and before the war related to bears, nambers, and deer, and before the war related to be a series many of them in the service of the series of the war in the series of the

a coonin'—I'm durned of I b'lieve it! An' of I do b'lieve it, then ole Sile were crazy, sonny—ez bilin', roarin' crazy ez any b'ar he ever put a ball inter an' druv inter a corner."

The Old Settler was moved. A young man from Potter County had come to town, and brought the news of the death of Uncle Sile Reeves, a famous hunter, who, according to re-

EASTER EGGS AND EASTER GIFTS.

Where the Children, with their Mothers and Fathers, and their Staters and their Cousins and their Aunts, are Looking for Eggs. All along Broadway, Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, and the retail business thoroughfares of the city, groups composed of women and children and a few men are seen gathered around certain windows. Looking up at the signs it is observed that these are genshops, fancy goods, jewelry, and book stores Peering over the heads or peeping between the persons of the gazers who make up these groups, we find that Easter eggs and Easter

gifts are the objects of attraction. Let us examine some of these wondrous eggs laid by rabbits and painted in fairy land, and some of the Easter gifts. In one window—it is in Broadway-we find yellow Shanghai hens, speckled hens, white hers, and black hens-artificial, of course-just settling their ruffled feathers over through th' day, when lo an' behold ye! th' calf were gone! Sile's father thought o' course th' calf hed jumped th' wall an' tuck t' th' woods, an' ne cussed it from Dan t' Beersheby fur a durn muthless, britchy critter ut didn't know which side its bread were buttered on. Sile were busy in another clearin' tryin' t' find room h'yer an' that fur a hill o' beans, which it were a tol'ble tough job t' do, 'cause th' pro raty o' stun t' dirt were in th' v'einity o' two ton o' one t' half a pint o' t'other. Sile's father called him, 'Arabian Nigits Tales' are will dover the agg.'

The steamship Weser, Capt. Wiegand, of the North German Lloyd Company, arrived at this port on Friday from Hamburg with some very interesting passengers. The throng that greeted them as they landed would have caused the heart of many a distinguished citizen to palpitate with pride if he had been returning from a visit to the effete monarchies of Europe. There were two royal Bengal tigers; two silver

There were two royal Bengal tigers; two silver liens from South America, six antelopes from Africa, two zebras, one hippopotamus, one giraffe, two porcupines, two Lammergeyer cagles from Switzeriand, several brace of pheasants, numerous monkers, some large boa constrictors, and over ten thousand canary birds. Capt. Wiegand says that, on the whole, they were a very orderly set, especially for four days during which heavy southeast and southwest gales prevailed, when their behavior was an example to other sick voyagors. In pleasant weather the tigers growled, the itons roared, the birds sang, the monkeys chattered, and the porcupines prieked up their quills.

At one time the Captain thought one of the tigers would break loose; but an extra chunk of beef quieted him. The tigers will be bulletined by P. T. Barnum as the largest in the world, in captivity. One of them a short time ago killed Mr. Hagenbeck of Hamburg, a trader in animals. A giraffe died in Southampton from indigestion. The most cheer'ul passengers were the monkeys and canary birds, which gave gymnastic sources, and musical malinées throughout the voyage. Two attendants constantly administered to the wants of the party from their departure to their arrival.

CESAR KERFF'S CRIME.

He is Relactantly sent to the House of Refuge at his Father's Request.

A very small boy, who did not seem to be more than ten years old, though he was fourteen, stood at the bar of the Special Sessions on Friday charged by his father with petit larceny. The boy's name was Casar Kerff, and his father, Charles Kerff, is a school teacher at 39 Delancey street. The charge was that on March 20 Cresar had

stolen from his father a cost, two silver dollars, a pistol, and a watch, all valued at \$23. The boy pleaded guilty, but the father prosecuted the case so rigorously that much sympathy for the prisoner was manifested in court. Mr. Cutter, the agent for the Prisoner's Aid Society, said he had learned that some of the boy's relatives in Germany had recently sent him \$35, which the father had appropriated, and the son, in taking the properly, had been merely endeavoring to get tack his own.

The tather atimitted that he had received \$35 for his son two years ago, but the lad was too young to have so much money given to him. He said he had expended the money for ciothing for the boy.

What do you wish the Court to do with your son? "asked Justice Duffy, looking with intense dislike at the complainant.

The boy looked tearfully into his father's face, but saw in it no disposition to relent.

'I wish him sent to the House of Refuge."

Toplied Mr. Kerff.

Justice Duffy, with rejuctance, sentenced him to the House of Refuge, and the boy was led away sobblug.

Bear Huatley in Lewis County. a pistol, and a watch, all valued at \$23. The

Bear Huntley in Lewis County.

Lowville, N. Y., March 25 .- James Humes, LOWVILLE, N. I., MAPCH 25.—JAMES HUDGS, saved its and i harles Longale, returning home from the world, came dron a hear's den. Longale stood at the mount of the den, are in hund, to attack the hear, while limits went in to drive her out. The did not did just Longale, and Hames kept on until the came to the nest, where he captured two flue cubs.

From the Evening Post. The graceful poems, called "A Failure" and "Patterne," which were published anonymously in the Ablate Monthly for April, were written by Miss Editions, a daughter of Mr. George Jones of the New York Thurs. A SOLDIER'S PROTEST.

Why he Opposes a Third Term and What he Thinks of Grant Personally.

They were accepted, and he at once began to draw pay. Soon he became a Colonel without spending a dollar, and he received rapid promotion and increased pay at each siep. I have no fault to find with this, but I do think that the lawer, editor, merchant, or farmer who gave up his business and spent his money to raise a platoon, company, or regiment and went to the front, is at least as much entitled to national honors as any graduate of West Point who took part in the war, from Gen, Grant down to the youngest and greenest lieutenant. The civilians were not indebted to the Government for their tuition in the art of war. They studied Hardee, Scott's Dictionary. Vauban, and Jomini at their own expense.

Admitting the equality of desert—and none can dispute it—is it unreasonablefor illogical to urge that Grant has had his full share of the honors of the nation for the four years he served in the late war? He was successively Colonel. Brigadier-General, Major-General, Lieutenant-General, and General. The people in the excess of their gratitude called him twice to the Chief Magistracy. He has had enough—as much as Washington, the Father of his Country as Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, the veteran of two wars.

If Grant is not satisfied, it is an indication of inordinate ambition, and an exhibition of selfishness that should be rebuked.

Without referring to the war in detail, I say that if Grant is entitled to honor for the fall of Vicksburg, so is William T. Sherman for the capture of Atlanta and the march to the sea; if he, with another's plans, captured Lockout Mountain and Mission Ridge, the great victories of Corinth and Stone River should be engraven in gold. Any of many other gallant Generals, if the people desire a military candidate, which I do not, is as deserving and certainly as competent as Gen, Grant.

The conduct of Gen. Grant during his first term in the White House was not of that dignified, honorable character that justifies a reflection. But the people did not wish to consure Grant directly by a

war, was promptly acceded to.

The galiant survivors of the war will not permit the greed of this man to advance one inch further. As a civil ruler he has failed, and as a soldier he has been liberally and amply paid. I have written this letter in the hope that some well-tried statesman and patriot will have an opportunity of effecting from our memory the barrack-room manners and morals that prevalled in the Executive Mansion from 1859 to 1877.

ONE WHO FOUGHT IN TENNESSEE.

LIVING WITH A FRACTURED SKULL,

And after the Low of a Considerable Part of the Brain Substance.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26 .- F. M. Davis is heater at the rolling mill of the Philadelphia Iron and Steel Company. In June, 1878, he mot with an accident. An iron clamp was thrown from a revolving flywheel, and one of the sharp angles struck him in the forehead, breaking loose and partly forcing through the skin a crescent-shaped fragment of the frontal bone, measuring three inches in length and seven-eighths of an mch in width in the centre or wider part, thus producing not only a compound fracture of the skull, but cutting through the longitudinal sinus, or large blood vessel of the interior of the top of the head, permitting an extrusion and loss of a considerable portion of the brain substance. The wound was pronounced fatal, but days grew into weeks and weeks into months, and the man still lived. At length the wound was closed by soft tissue, and later about one half the cavity was closed by a new bony formation, and the remaining part is now covered by soft tissue, through which the pulsations of the brain gre plainty visible. It is said that there is but one one or record. Davis possesses all his mental faculties. the sharp angles struck him in the forehead.

Promise and Fulfilment.

From the Firsth's Companion.

When the February sun
Shime in long, shart rays, and the dun
Gray skice turn red and gold.
And the winter's cold
Is susched here and there
that the susched here and there
The the susched here and there
From the far-off home
Of the orange and paim,
With their breath of balm,
And the blue-lard's throat
swells with a note
the red of the street
swells with a note
of the orange and paim,
which there is the same and the street
swells with a note
of the coloring gay.

When the first fine grass comes up
to rate green blades, and the cup
to rate green blades, and the cup
to the crocus ousies its head
cont of its chilty bed
degree to minds
the fine morning son,
white revieles cun
Where the trust had set
fix by seal, and the sills are wes
With the driv, drip, drip,
From the wooden hip
or the burdened caves,
Where the put out grice es,
And coust and woos.
And sorter surs.
Early and late.
Its willing mate.
Then with reporting gay
Western and say.

Why, aprime is here!

When all the brown earth lies
Beneath the blue, tright skies,
Clicked with a mantle of greet,
And shining, various shees,
And the secul and sight of the rose,
And the secul and sight of the rose,
And the purple line blows,
liere, there, and everywhere,
Meet one and greet one till
One's actives linke and thrill
With the leaven and earth born sweetness.
The min of the carili's completeness,
Then filling ity voices we say,
Oh, stay those wonderful day)
Thus promue of paradise. 111.

With the braves and earth born sweet.
The fine of the earth's complete case,
Then hitting for voices we say.
Then hitting for voices we say.
It is stay, then wonderful day?
Then to beart sud soul doth suffice,
stay, stay; nor hasten to fly
When the mann of thy much goes by,
For the cown of the seasons is here,
June, June, the month of the year?

GARMENTS OF MESTERY,

A Lady's Description of the Chemilton-An Interesting New York Window.

Why he Opposes a Third Term and What he Thinks of Grant Forescally. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Syr: As an old Usion soldier who raised his company in 1861, at an expense of over 8600, and who marched at its head through many a rugged field and over rough roads to the jaws of death. I make my protest against a third term.

1. Because the example of Washington, Jotheson, and Jackson and the unwritten law of the land forbid it.

2. Because an innovation of so stariling a character should be founded upon national seasily, and not upon individual ambition, nor yet upon the zeal of rich and vain adulators. It is well known that the third-term scheme first took shape under the roof of a hospitable but not very wise gentlems in Philadelphia.

I. Broams of the man vain adulators. It is well known that the third-term scheme first took shape under the roof of a hospitable but not very wise gentlems in Philadelphia.

I. Broams, for one, I am not ready to exall.

I. Broams, for one, I am not ready to exall.

I. Broams of the man was a more one of the start of the rest of the rich was a more one of the start of the rest of the rich was a more one of the start of the rest of the rich was a more one of the rest of the rich was a strong the rest of the rich was a strong that the expense of our attachment of the mean and the sons of the men who sweet in 1861 to the Governor of his State. They were soccepted, and he at once began to the start of the rich was a strong the rest of the rich was a strong the rich was a strong the rest of the rich was a strong the rich was a st

GRANT AND BLAINE IN KENTUCKY. The County in which Grant Lived as a Schoolboy and Blaine Taught School.

From the Courier-Journal.

boy and Bisine Taught School.

Prom the Carier-Journal.

MAYSVILLE, March 11.—James G. Blaine has a large following in this section of Mason County. He taught school near Orangeburg at one time, and a full cousin of his is Collector of Internal Revenue here. This Collector exercises more or less influence over the suffrages and opinions of the Republicans, and is naturally anxious that his illustrious kinsman should be the nominee of the Chicago Convention.

Those members of the Republican party who live in the county are about equally divided in choice between the three most prominent Presidential candidates now before the country—Grant, Blaine, and Sherman.

The black voters are a unit for Grant, and he has several influential partisans in Maysville, When Grant was a boy he was a pupil in the Maysville Academy, and his old preceptor, Prof. Wm. W. Richeson, is Principal of the High School here. W. H. Wadsworth was a schoolmate of Grant's, and is his friend.

On Saturday sat the Republicans held their County Convention to select delegates to attend the State Convention. There was a senall standance, and the opinions of the Convention were about equally divided between Grant and Blaine as the choice of Mason County. The Grant element secured the Chairmanship of the Convention and the Blaine men elected a Secretary. Mr. M. C. Hutchins, a pronounced Stalwart and bitter Grant varisan, referred a resolution that the delegation be instructed to cast the vote of the county for Gen. Grant; but when it came to a vote the Blaine element managed to table the resolution for reasons of self-interest. This intimation aroused several members of the Convention to a white heat, and a seene of excitement and confusion followed. The lie was passed, men shouted, fists were shaken, and one could well imagine himself in a New York Fourth Ward primary meeting.

Something like order being restored, a resolution was adopted that the delegates be sent uninstructed, but directed to vote for the candidate who will be most acceptable to th

Those Gorgeous Americaines in Paris. From the Parisian.

Those torgeous Americaines in Farts.

A fascinating toilet was worn by Mme. Missord at Mme. A. J.'s. The waist which was made of black scillenne, was closed on one side by an exquisine embroidery about seven inches wide, representing green leaves and roses of differenteelors. This was continued around the short drappries of the waist; a sort of short tunic, made of black planted sicilenne, terminating bias, fell over a black satin skirt, trimmed with a wide embroidery—about fifty-five inches wide. This embroidery, which was a veritchle wonder of its kind, was similar to that on the waist, only made of much larger fewers. The waist was finished with a small standing collar entirely composed of embroidered green leaves and roses. Her hair was dressed very short on the back of her head, displaying a charming meck. The chignon was narrow, and very flat baselesses perfectly ostilized the form of head where the standard of the beauties in Fariaian society about whom every one is taking. This charming American lives in a handsonely furnished both in the Rue Pierre-Charron. She also nosesses manificent diamonds, which many women envy. Mine Mittord is as is well as mon, the granddaughter of Commodore Varderbill, ence of the greatest of American railroad managers, who left several millions of dowry to each one of his children. Mme Mittord's uncle possesses something like fifty millions!

Last Sairday, at Pattis representation, I remarked Mrs. Mackay in one of the stage boxes, drassed in pale blue, the waist and tabler of her dress embroidered with ruby and old gold beads. A row of heliotropes was placed across the front of the waist.

Lots of Brides in Washington.

Lots of Brides in Washington.

From the fibbe Democrat.

Washington, March 17.—A tidal wave of brides and grooms has set this way. Richels are full of brides and grooms has set this way. Richels are full of the control of the set o

Queer Happenings.

Terrapins can be gathered in any quantity along the banks of the San John Californis. The late cold weather drove them from the water to the land. A Chinsman at Happy Camp, Josephin County, Ora-gen, offers to build a new wagon road for \$10,000, and to give bonds to the laithful performance of his work. As the friends of Mrs. John Brown of White Mills, Par, were taking a last book at the corpse, the floor suddenly gave way, precipitating the entire company into the col-lar bollow. The horse of E. S. Dobbs of Mr. Ephraim. N. J., has a very heavy monstache, which is kept waxed and twisted to prevent is getting down the animal's throat and tea-ing him to death.

In a pane of glass in the house of Charles Pierce of Bay City, Mich, is the image of a human hand indefining stamped. Nathing will remove if, neither turpenting, samp oil, nor maphtha. soap, wit, nor naphtha.

A number of gold about an lock square was disclosed by
on accident to Alexander Wilcox of Preciova, Ind. In
faithful he caught hold on bush, which, grain any, overturned a bugs ruck under which the aid lay
Ruby Lake Navada, has entirely disappeared. Not a
drup of water centalised what was seven years and
about a water resemble of what was seven years and a
sheet of water resemble in the company of the
breadth from half a mile in three miles, and very deep

breadth from haif a mile to three miles, and very deep.

In a Milwaukee, Wis, whost a little how was so had
that it became necessary to expel into. It has just been
decovered that the little fellow has freely receiving an
elecation in the same school ever alone in the guise of
a second of the little fellow has freely receiving an
elecation in this same school ever alone in the guise of
Milano little gard.

The deep snows in the monutains of California have
made the wild animals raverous. A four year oil son of
William litegins of Bodie actopie, A four-year oil son of
actors, and the mother was just in time to save at from
pack of oungry crystes.

A man woman, and shift who have been found to have
Bith 100 invested in San Francisco, bave four sons everaged in profitable befores and Bodie in gold was found
in the possession of the man.

The ogst of Guilland as Paris shoemaker, is sacredly

in the possession of the man.

The each of Onillard a Parts shoemaker, is serredly kept. Many veers ago he vowed never to put a hat on his head this the tommune is the recognized government in Paris. He shways appears in the street barehoaded, winter or summer rain or shifts.

John Burkholder shot a lynx one day last week out of the short of

Set inothers. Set inotherm a Hoston man gave his some prekens of rathered bands the lines of the a which is keeped. Keep them for your california and the inter-correction with a worth a within in my day. Charlie publican as we mill Monday fact, when were storing publican as any anni Monday fact, when may day not consider the basis of the correction of the second publications.